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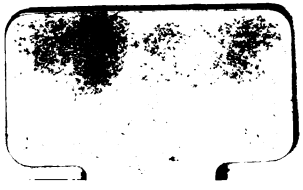

PROF. H. G. FIEDLER.

THE

MAGICIAN,

OR THE MYSTICAL

ADVENTURES OF SERAPHINA.

A GERMAN ROMANCE.

LANE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.

PROF. H. G. FIEDLER.

THE MAGICIAN.

THE

MAGICIAN.

AT the great annual fair at Francfort, in the year 1464, an immense concourse of people were assembled from all quarters of Europe, and among others, the Lady Bianca d'Alberto, and the young Seraphina, her niece, from beyond the Alps. The Signora Bianca was the widow of an officer, whose brother, also in the army, had been killed in endeavouring to screen him from the fatal effect of a blow, which was aimed at him by a desperate enemy. The brother, Ferdinand d'Alberto, received the wound, and after struggling a few minutes, expired in his arms. The last word that trembled on his lips, was *Seraphina!* This was sufficient for the Colonel—he, from that moment, considered Seraphina as the sacred legacy of his dying brother; and as soon as he returned from the campaign, introduced the young orphan (for her mother had died in giving her life), to his wife, the affectionate and virtuous Bianca, who readily adopted the interesting charge, and had ever treated her with maternal affection.

After the death of the Colonel, who had fallen in a subsequent action, the Lady Bianca was

attacked by a slow consuming illness, which had long preyed upon her constitution, and which, it was apprehended, would carry her prematurely to her grave. To avert effects so fatal, the physicians, who resembled those of the eighteenth century, finding they could do no more for her at home, prescribed what they ought to have done at first, and ordered her to travel.

Having reached Francfort near the time of the fair, she determined to avail herself of the opportunity to shew Seraphina a little of the world. In those days, it was not thought a duty incumbent on parents and guardians to attend their young charges to every place of dissipation; nor had it been the fashion to do so during the youth of the Lady Bianca! The good lady knew very little, therefore, of the world to which she now undertook to introduce her niece. Pious and innocent, she had concerned herself very little about the cultivation of her mind, and had grown to old age in an ignorance, wonderful at a period so enlightened as the fifteenth century. She regularly told her beads, and had left considerable sums to pay for masses for the soul of her deceased D'Alberto—a ceremony she would have thought herself culpable to omit, because she doubted not of its power to abridge the period of his remaining in purgatory.

But with respect to the management of so subtile, so volatile, so spiritual an essence as a girl of sixteen, no one could be more unfit for such a task than the good Lady Bianca. She was not, however, aware of her incapacity; for Seraphina, though she sometimes perceived blunders in her aunt's conduct, yet never noticed them, but contented herself with counteracting their effect by the prudence and propriety of her

her own manner; and as she paid the most implicit respect and deference to the Signora, that venerable relative continued to think her prudent management the reason why so young and so lovely a creature as Seraphina preserved such invariable good conduct. She loved her niece as much as she was capable of loving, and Seraphina returned her affection with the most unblemished piety. The Lady Bianca thought her young charge the most beautiful being on earth: if the young lady did not give her aunt the same exclusive praise for wisdom, it was because she doubted her own powers of making the comparison. In all the wayward caprices of bad health, and worse spirits, Seraphina had been her attentive and patient nurse, had obviated every inconvenience, and sweetened every difficulty with a gentle assiduity that did honour to her heart and to her understanding; and now accompanied her in her slow and toilsome peregrination across a vast and rugged country, in the fond hope of seeing her aunt revive from so continued a change of air, and of receiving pleasure and improvement herself from a succession of new and various objects. The Colonel Alberto had fallen in Germany, and it was to visit his tomb that the Signora had crossed the Alps, and encountered all the fatigues of a long and painful journey; but the end in view had sanctified the crusade for Bianca, and the amusements of every moment rendered it charming to Seraphina!

Notwithstanding their good-will, however, as travelling was not then arranged in the commodious manner it is at present, our two females found themselves fatigued with the flying German waggon, and thought it fortunate

that the fair at Francfort offered them a reasonable pretext for staying at that city long enough to refresh themselves; and having happily obtained a decent chamber, they contented themselves with the accommodations which a place so very full could afford them, and amused themselves all day long with the various diversions of the town. A bull-fight succeeded to a horse-race, a mystery to a boxing-match. Seraphina, who had never heard of so much dissipation, was enchanted; and but for the thick black veil which concealed her face and figure, would have enchanted every youth in Francfort: but the Signora Bianca thought the tramontanes unworthy of so bright a gem, and resolved to preserve her niece for some Italian Cavalier.

One day they followed the crowd to view the wonderful tricks of a conjurer, who, in league with a Gipsy, performed such astonishing feats, that it was the general opinion throughout Francfort that he was, certainly, if not the great devil himself, at least his prime minister and favourite agent. The dead could not rest quiet in their tombs for him, nor the pocket-books, rings, and watches of the spectators in their pockets. True, they were not always losers by his tricks:—a topaz from one lady's finger was often exchanged for an emerald from another's; and the three-tailed wig of a counsellor was perhaps replaced by the full-dressed *tête* of an antiquated belle. The metamorphoses thus effected, had a singular and grotesque effect; but the company ceased laughing at these ludicrous exertions of his power, to wonder at his insight into the past, and his predictions of the future—predictions so mysterious and unintelligible, as fully exercised the talents of those to whom they

they were addressed, while they impressed their minds with a strong conviction of truth. By oracles so impressive, he stimulated curiosity, and excited interest. Every one pressed to him to be told that which had already befallen him; and by the accuracy in that respect, to judge of the probability of his prophecies, when he suddenly proposed to unveil the secret thoughts of any person present. Incredulity sat on the stretched features of every individual, and but few presented themselves to the test. Every one, however, who made the trial, confessed in their turn that he had really read in their hearts, and discovered their hidden imaginations.

He at length approached the seat where the Signora Bianca and the youthful Seraphina were placed; and after passing some unimportant tricks on the aunt, proposed to shew to the niece the whole progress of her future life. Seraphina shrunk back, blushing and dismayed; nor could all the encouragement of her aunt induce her to submit to such an exhibition. The Gipsy and the conjurer now gave the company to understand that they would make her a party without her acquiescence; and were even proceeding to take some steps for that purpose, when a loud and solemn voice uttered—"If thou darest, Gorst!"

The magician hesitated, and turned pale: he remounted the elevated seat he had quitted to address Seraphina, and cast a wistful look through the crowd; but he drew back his eyes with an expression of disappointment, while the spectators, full of astonishment, enquired in vain "Who" had spoken. No one could point out the person who had uttered words that had had so instantaneous and awful an effect on the multitude. Curiosity was suspended, or rather

directed to a new object; nor did Gortz for some minutes seem anxious to recal it to himself. He was too deeply engaged in a scrutinizing survey of his audience, to make any attempts to renew the diversions.

At length he seemed to be dubiously satisfied, and again left his exalted station. He performed, with less dexterity than before, some of his former feats, and the agitation of his mind was visible in the perturbation of his manners. He proceeded, however, and meeting with no further interruption, gradually recovered his spirits; though, not unfrequently, he turned suddenly round, to examine those nearest to him. At length, he proposed to shew Seraphina the form of her future husband. She tremblingly replied that she had no curiosity, and besought her aunt to quit the place, and return home. The Signora Bianca, however, whether she had more curiosity than her niece, or whether she did not credit the indifference of so young a creature on a subject so interesting, encouraged the man to proceed, assuring Seraphina that there could be no harm in it, as it was done so publicly, and that it could not be a real ghost, because the man that was to be her husband could not be yet dead, and therefore she needed not to be alarmed.

Seraphina remonstrated against the illegality, not to say the impiety, of these proceedings; she alledged that, in order to shew the appearance of a living person, it was necessary to throw them into a lethargic state, and to separate the soul from the body—that this could only be done by the most horrid incantations, equally revolting both to humanity and true religion; and concluded by reiterating her

request

request to be spared this time, and to be allowed to return home, both which requests the Signora Bianca, who felt a childish curiosity, and amusement in all that passed, decidedly refused; and Gortz proceeded in his preparations for the intended display of his power. He addressed Seraphina in an awful tone of voice, beseeching her not to be alarmed: she, whose countenance was all innocence and virtue, needed not, he assured her, to admit any fear.

"I cannot endure," replied she firmly, "to witness these nefarious arts; I conjure you, by all that is sacred, to desist!"

The same voice repeated—"Gortz!"

The magician trembled more than before, and it was longer before he recovered. At length, however, Signora Bianca desired to be told her future fortune, and withdrew with Gortz to a remote corner of the room. Seraphina was not allowed to follow, and she trembled at finding herself thus left alone in the midst of strangers, from whose notice her thick veil did not now obscure her. She looked with anxiety at her aunt, wishing she would return, when, on turning her head on one side, she perceived at her elbow a tall man, of a most singular appearance, whose whole attention seemed engrossed by her. Surprised that she had not before remarked so extraordinary a person, and alarmed, she knew not wherefore, at his steady gaze, she would have crossed the room to the spot where her aunt yet remained in close conference with Gortz, but her trembling limbs were unequal to support her; a thousand times she wished herself out of this scene of magic and infernal incantation, but she had no means of quitting it. Even were she out of it, she was

ignorant of the way back to her hotel, and even had she known the way, she dared not have exposed herself to traverse alone the streets of Francfort, at a moment when it was so crowded with idle and dissolute company. She could not contemplate the appearance of the strange man beside her, though he as fully engrossed her thoughts as she did his gaze. His eyes were fixed upon her, and whichever way she turned, she seemed to feel their piercing brilliancy.

At length the Signora Bianca returned to her seat, apparently much pleased with the communications of Gortz. Seraphina now, with redoubled earnestness, besought her to return home; but the old lady assured her there was much to come still more worthy of their attention than any thing they had yet seen, and reiterated her declaration that there was nothing to fear.

After a while, Gortz again approached her, and seemed determined, by a species of artificial courage, to proceed in his incantations. She was about to speak again, when she felt herself touched on the shoulder next her gazing companion. She looked round, and he said in a voice, which, though softened to female tenderness, she instantly recognised for the same that had already twice checked Gortz—"Suffer him to continue, and fear not! I will protect you!"

As much terrified at the mysterious protection thus offered her, as at the settled purpose of Gortz, she would have turned to renew her solicitations to her aunt, but she found herself unable to articulate. She gazed, therefore, in vacant silence at the magician. At her self-erected protector she dared not look. She knew

not

not how to define, even to herself, the feeling that prevented her from observing him; but she continued conscious to the emanations of his eyes. Gortz meanwhile proceeded, yet every now and then cast an eager and enquiring glance around, and seemed overcome with some indescribable emotion. He frequently turned his eyes on the spot where the extraordinary stranger still remained, as if something there annoyed him; yet the stranger addressed him not, nor seemed to take any measures to interrupt his proceedings.

Gortz kindled a fire, and drew a circle round it. He stepped within the circle, and muttered some unintelligible words as he threw into the fire a number of ingredients that he drew from a bag beneath his garments. Seraphina saw but imperfectly what he threw in, yet some things appeared to her like different parts of a human body. Shuddering with horror, she turned involuntarily to see how her strange companion looked, but he was gone. She was much surprised; she had not been conscious of his departure, and she had thought, but a moment before, that she had been sensible of the singular effect of his eyes. Alarmed at this circumstance, she knew not what to conclude, and was half inclined to believe that the extraordinary effect his eyes seemed to have had upon her, must have arisen from her imagination being strongly impressed with wildness and terror.

Gortz now stepped out of the circle, and spoke in a low voice to the Gipsy; but he kept his wand still within the mystic line. He returned, continued his incantations, and appeared much dismayed. The fire burnt very dimly, and the Gipsy handed him a cruise, which he

emptied on the fire. It hissed extremely, and a column of thick black smoke enveloped the magician.

The voice of Gortz was heard from the midst of the obscurity, exclaiming—"It is thou, Volkmaar!"

At length the smoke dissipated, but the fire was extinguished. Without quitting the circle, Gortz rekindled the fire, and called aloud on Seraphina to advance within the hallowed line. The Signora Bianca bade her go. Seraphina shuddered and hesitated. The aunt repeated her orders, when Seraphina, as she endeavoured to obey them, beheld, with an astonishment that weakened her confidence in her visual organs, a figure, in every particular resembling herself, step, as if immediately from her seat, into the magic circle. She saw pleasure beam in the eyes of Gortz, but she had yet self-possession enough to remark great perturbation flashing on the countenance of the Gipsy. She involuntarily turned to look for the stranger, but nobody was to be seen. She felt surprised, and cast her eyes on her aunt; but found herself unable to express audibly her wonder at what had just happened: nor was her wonder lessened on observing that the Signora Bianca looked on with complacency, and betrayed no alarm at seeing a second Seraphina.

The true Seraphina immediately conjectured that her mysterious protector, to whose power she attributed the illusion she had witnessed, had rendered her invisible to her aunt, and perhaps to all the spectators; and more earnestly than ever did she wish herself at a distance from this scene of mystery and magic! Her reflections were, however, suddenly interrupted by a violent contest

contest within the magic circle. The Gipsy, who had not entered it, seemed extremely agitated, and kept her eyes fixed on the spot with every mark of alarm and apprehension. The sounds of contention were heard, but the words were in an unknown language; yet Seraphina distinguished the voice both of her singular new friend and of Gortz high in altercation. At length the whole place was filled with a thick and blinding smoke, the vaulted roof re-echoed with alternate shrieks of despair and laughs of triumph. The spectators all endeavoured to rise, and find their way out; but all was confusion and distress. Seraphina could just perceive that her aunt rose also. She herself, unwilling to quit her aunt, and equally afraid to move, would have caught her robe, and detained her with a forcible grasp, but she was incapable of moving her hands, nor could she utter a single articulate sound! Overwhelmed with fresh alarm, she saw the Lady Bianca quit the place, and felt that, however the powers of speech and motion were denied her, the internal emotions of her mind were not deadened.

After a state of confusion that beggars all description, the tumult ceased, the smoke gradually dispersed, and Seraphina found herself alone in a large vaulted apartment, which she scarcely recognised for the same that had so lately been crowded with spectators. The benches, however, remained, and the ashes of the fire still emitted a sulphureous smell. At a small distance beyond the magic circle, she observed a bundle of rags; and going up to examine it (for her state of immobility was now at an end), she perceived, with indescribable dismay, the lifeless body of Gortz! Struck with horror, she determined to use her recovered

powers in flying from so terrible a scene; nor did the reflection that she was ignorant of her way, at all diminish her impatience to be gone: but when she strove to unclose the door, it was fast beyond her utmost strength to open it. More than ever appalled, she sunk, for a few minutes, into hopeless dejection: she believed herself singled out for the most alarming purpose, and knew not how to obtain relief.

At length, her natural courage and spirit revived. It was not, she felt, by yielding to languor and despair that her situation was to be amended; exertion only could give her a chance for escaping; and while the most distant hope remained of effecting her liberation, she resolved to substitute effort for lamentation: and with this view, having uttered a few fervent ejaculations, she turned her thoughts towards the windows. They were high, and she knew not whither they might lead her; yet she piled bench on bench till she could nearly reach them, and she was gone to fetch, from the further end of the apartment, one more bench, which, she trusted, would enable her to examine the possibility of effecting her escape through them, when the whole fabric of her diligence fell, with a tremendous noise, to the ground. Not even now wholly dismayed, she began once more to erect the scaffolding, which was to lead, not indeed to liberty itself, but only perhaps to the sad conviction that liberty was out of her reach. Yet as she proceeded, she exclaimed aloud—"Oh! would I had followed my aunt!"

"Wish it not," replied the same voice that had before addressed her; but though she instantly looked anxiously round, she could see no one.

Oppressed with terror, her trembling hands refused

refused to lift one more bench, and she sunk down desponding. She could not utter a word, earnestly as she wished to enquire the reason of her being thus singled out as the victim of a power so alarming; and the tears, which fell rapidly from her eyes, were almost the only indications she gave of existence. At length the same voice, in an accent mild as the song of the dove, said—"Look up, Seraphina, and behold him who has detained thee."

She was scarcely able to obey the command; yet when she had raised her eyes to the being before her, she was equally incapable of withdrawing them.

She beheld a man, tall, majestic, of a noble and commanding aspect, clothed in a dress of a fashion she had never before seen, and bearing in one hand a small ivory wand, deeply inscribed with some very peculiar characters. His hair and beard were long, waving, and perfectly white; yet his countenance, which was singularly, though sternly handsome, shewed no signs of age. His eye, in particular, possessed a degree of brilliancy Seraphina had never seen equalled by that of any human being; and she recognised in it the mysterious expression that had prevented her from returning his attentive gaze during the exhibition. Now, indeed, she was equally unable to withdraw her eyes; she continued fixing them on this extraordinary personage, who, in return, viewed her with no common stedfastness. Her beautiful proportions, the grace, the elegance of her figure, the glossy length of her waving ebony tresses, the dazzling whiteness of her skin, the glowing coral of her lips, the vernal rose of her cheeks, and the mild, yet brilliant expression of her eye, seemed by turns

to court, and rivet the stranger's notice. At length he seated himself beside her, took her hand (a hand long, narrow, and plump, belonging to an arm of the finest shape and colour, and tipped with fingers of uncommon beauty), and having surveyed it with singular attention, said, as to himself—"In point of external beauty she will do."

Seraphina, lost in an amazement which scarcely suffered her to comprehend all that passed, heard these words but imperfectly, and tremulously murmured—"Did you speak?"

"I did," he replied, carefully entwisting her taper and flexible fingers with his own. "I have excited your wonder, Seraphina, but I will gratify your curiosity. I have long waited your arrival at Francfort—I have waited it with impatience; for who does not wait with impatience that event which is to crown their happiness?"

"Surely, surely," exclaimed the trembling damsel, "I heard not aright! My senses are bewildered by fear! How can my arrival here be connected with your happiness?"

"Most closely interwoven," replied he; "our fingers are not more completely twisted together than your happiness and mine!"

Seraphina shuddered. The singular expression of his eye again struck her, its brilliancy overpowered her, she turned heart-sick away, and a pallid lividness chased the roses from her cheeks; she strove to separate her fingers from those of her mysterious companion, but the effort was beyond her, and she desisted in despair.

"Fear me not, Seraphina," resumed he; "I will not hurt you!"

"And my aunt," said Seraphina, in a voice of

of agony, "let me go to my aunt; she will be miserable for the loss of me!"

"Your aunt shall be taken care of," said her companion, "but she is ignorant that she has lost you!"

"Oh Heavens!" exclaimed Seraphina, "then she is dead!"

The mysterious stranger denied that she was dead; but the idea, of which Seraphina could not divest herself, made her so miserable, that he said—"No, no, she is not dead—she is only deluded."

"Deluded!" repeated the terrified girl, "and what am I? Oh let me see her!"

"Some other time," replied he; "but at present she is satisfied. She believes you are with her. The same form which, to your great surprise, personated you during the exhibition, is with her at this moment; and this counterfeit Seraphina is so well tutored, that the good lady must have more than mortal penetration, which does not, I think, fall to her share, to distinguish the difference."

"Oh Heavens!" cried Seraphina, "she will perhaps quit Francfort, and leave me behind!"

"Perhaps she will," replied her companion; "but you are safe, and the time will come when you will be reunited to your aunt. In the meanwhile, you shall not only be safe, but splendidly happy!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed she. "Where shall I find a friend?"

"I will be to you friend, father, brother, all," answered the singular being, whose eyes now once more flashed intolerably on her.

Again Seraphina shuddered.

"You fear me," said he, "do you not?"

"Can I avoid it?" asked she.

"At

"At present," answered he, "perhaps you cannot; but I trust you will soon conquer this fear, and then you will allow that you have not made an injudicious exchange in giving up an old woman, whose wit is none of the brightest, for a fond and generous friend with whom you shall enjoy unlimited power. You have two modes of proceeding before you. If you submit instantly and cheerfully to my will, you will not only secure my protection, but make me for ever your indulgent friend! If, on the contrary, you dispute my authority, and seek to evade my power, you will not obtain your freedom, but you will make me your enemy. The concern I feel for you makes me fear you will chuse this way; but know you are mine," added he, pressing their interwoven fingers so closely together as to hurt her tender hand; "my power is as firmly established over you as if you had actually given me your consent; and whatever trouble you may occasion me before you pronounce your acquiescence, it will be done at last!"

"Consent!—To what?" asked Seraphina, with a countenance of dismay.

"To be mine," replied he, "wholly, irrevocably, and unreservedly mine!—my wife, my beloved, my adored, my idolized wife!"

"This is strange," said she.

"I grant it," replied he; "but I will tell you the tale from the beginning. I was close at hand, Seraphina, when your father received his death-wound from a German corporal. I heard him, in a faltering voice, recommend you to your uncle, his brother, the lamented husband of the Signora Bianca d'Alberto! I witnessed, applauded, and confirmed the good resolution the worthy officer took at that moment, to adopt and cherish the legacy of his brother. I judged

of

of your innocence and worth by the speediness of this adoption, and I fixed on you for my own. I obtained a promise of you, and I waited eagerly your arrival at Francfort, where I knew I was to have the first sight of you. Though I had never seen you, I knew you instantly; and judging that Gortz would alarm you, I determined to protect you. He mistook me for a competitor of his, whom he named, one *Volkmaar!* but he soon knew me better. He felt my power, and he, who would have injured you, is no more. And now, Seraphina, learn that your aunt has left Francfort; she is many leagues hence in company with your resemblance. I have expedited her journey, that I might devote myself wholly to you. I now await your answer—Will you be mine? Remember, though I ask it, that you are mine! Fate has given you to me, and it is to spare you, not to ensure to me the possession of you, that I thus again demand, will you be mine?"

The beams of his eyes fell full upon her, and she sickened and fainted. When she recovered her senses, she found herself in a magnificent chamber, lying on a state-bed, which was splendidly adorned with gold. She perceived through the windows, venerable trees waving their enormous branches, while the beams of the setting sun tinged some distant mountains with a purple light. The certainty that she was no longer in Francfort instantly possessed her; but fearful of recalling the mysterious arbiter of her fate, she remained silent, and ruminated on the singular events of the day. Impressed with an indefinable and unconquerable terror of the stranger, she rejoiced that her swooning had prevented her from giving a decisive answer to his question, and resolved, could she but ascertain

ascertain that she was alone, to attempt once more her escape, and to defy the grant he boasted to have obtained of her.

This, in fact, she utterly disbelieved. Her uncle, the late Captain d'Alberto, never took any step of consequence without imparting it to his wife, and innumerable circumstances had proved that the good lady was not blessed with the power of retention; had she been betrothed to any body, no oaths of secrecy could have bound her aunt to observe it—she was certain she should have heard of a fact so important to her: besides, had this contract existed, would the Signora Bianca have permitted, and even encouraged, as she had done, an attachment between her and Ferdinand di Marino, an amiable and ingenuous youth, who waited only till he should have completed his studies, to ask, and, no doubt, to obtain his father's permission to marry her? All these circumstances, which rushed on the mind of Seraphina, militated entirely against the existence of such a contract, and led her to consider herself as fully authorized to attempt to regain her liberty.

While she thus revolved in her own mind the singular predicament she was in, she from time to time looked round, and listened to ascertain whether any one besides herself was in the room, when suddenly her extraordinary pursuer stood before her, and his eyes again flashed upon her.

"Are you decided?" said he. "I ask you not to speak; give me but your hand, and rise the partner of my power and my prosperity."

"Where am I?" said Seraphina.

"In my castle," replied he, "in the woods four miles from Francfort—in your own castle, if you will but give me your hand!"

"Alas!"

"Alas!" replied she, willing to gain time, yet fearful of offending him, "what is a hand without a heart? You are worthy, no doubt, of both, and I am unwilling to give you the one without the other!"

"I have not, then, your heart?" enquired he.

"No," replied Seraphina, "I scarcely yet know myself whether I have one. Allow me a little time to familiarize myself to the idea of becoming your wife."

"I am desirous to oblige you," he answered; "but beware, Seraphina, how you endeavour to deceive me. You can do nothing, you can think nothing, that I shall not instantly be apprized of. Remember, therefore, it will not be safe to try to impose upon me!"

"You will, however," said she, "allow me some time?"

"A week," answered he; "and if you are as desirous to oblige me, as I have shewn myself complaisant to you, you will live in my society for that time, and not prejudice yourself against me!"

Seraphina, who knew not whether she dreaded most to encounter his anger or his eyes, was at a loss what to reply, till he took her hand, and tenderly enquired if she were well. The languid illnesses of delicate ladies were unknown in those days, and Seraphina had no idea of feigning what she did not feel; besides, she had been warned that deception would be dangerous, and she readily acknowledged that she felt no inconvenience from her fainting, but should be glad to rise. He gently kissed the hand he held; and Seraphina, who trembled lest he should again entwist his fingers with her's, thought herself fortunate when he bade her adieu,

adieu, and promised to send a woman to assist her.

The moment her mysterious lover had left the chamber, Seraphina jumped off the bed on which she had been laid after her unconscious and rapid journey from Francfort, and hastily shaking her clothes, ran to the window; for she was far more solicitous about her situation than about her dress. Presently, however, a decent elderly woman made her appearance, with every appurtenance to a lady's toilet. Seraphina was sorry for the disturbance, for she felt her tears rise irresistibly for the loss of her aunt, and she dared not shew them before any one. She was taught caution by terror, and quietly submitted to the pleasure of her waiting-woman, who arranged her hair in a very few minutes, and assisted in all the rest of her dress without uttering a word. She then withdrew in the same silence, which Seraphina was no way disposed to break. The ready tears gushed to her eyes the moment the woman had quitted the room, but she felt too much awe of her mysterious lover to dare to indulge them even when alone. She could not feel quite certain that he would not know, and be offended if she wept.

She now thought she ought to obey him, but knew not whither to go if she left her chamber. Her eyes too were irresistibly attracted by the beautiful scenery his windows presented to them. The castle, which appeared to be an immense and magnificent structure, stood in a large and ancient forest, which had been cleared of all its underwood for a considerable distance, by which means the castle stood in an open grove of venerable and spreading trees, surrounded by the finest and most verdant turf. Long vistas, judiciously opened through the forest,

forest, led the eye to distant scenes of beauty and fertility, while some abrupt openings displayed the horizon crowned with noble and romantic mountains. The rushing of a waterfall at no great distance was heard, though it was concealed from sight; and Seraphina, ever enthusiastically fond of the beautiful and sublime of nature, felt her soul gradually stolen away from the singularity of her situation, and soothed to tranquillity by the noble, yet reposing objects before her; yet she recollected the request of the strange Lord of this domain, and would have joined him, had she known where to find him.

The shades of evening began to veil the charms of the scene she was contemplating, in obscurity, and she turned from the window, exclaiming—"Whither can I go if I leave this room?"

"Whither would you go?" replied the voice she already knew too well.

"I would have obeyed you," she answered, trembling, "and sought your society, had I known the way."

"Speak but your wishes aloud, my Seraphina," said he, "and they shall always be gratified."

He, too, was newly dressed, and most superbly; his robes were of the same singular fashion, but composed of the most magnificent materials. A golden zone with a large clasp of a single diamond, encircled his waist, and a cluster of various jewels of immense magnitude and incalculable value, fastened his dress at the bosom. He held Seraphina's hand as he led her from her apartment along a magnificent corridor, whose walls were painted by the hand of no inferior master, in a variety of subjects, which

which she determined to examine on the morrow: at present, had the failing light allowed her to look at pictures, her attention was too forcibly engrossed by her conductor, who was again interweaving his own with the fingers of the hand he held. This mysterious symbol of union disconcerted Seraphina, and she trembled lest she was to be retained in such bondage all the evening.

They descended a noble staircase of the finest marble, the balustrades of which were gilt; and Seraphina, who had hitherto been accustomed to a very simple mode of life, was dazzled at the splendour every where displayed. Six servants were employed in lighting up a spacious hall which she had to cross, while as many more rapidly advanced to open the door of a saloon, compared to which all she had hitherto seen was poverty. It seemed sparkling all over with gems, while flowers of the most exquisite hues and odours perfumed the air. A concert of wild, aerial music floated at intervals through the dome, at times accompanied by choirs of most melodious voices, then again lessening by degrees till one single instrument alone was heard, yet were no performers to be seen. The richest silks of the most beautiful colours were employed in decorating the apartment; the carpet, which seemed soft enough even for a luxurious bed, looked liked a parterre of living flowers. Immense mirrors on every side reflected to infinity these agreeable objects, and a profusion of lights was placed in golden ornaments in the hands of marble statues of exquisite workmanship. At one end of the saloon was a recess, in which was placed a sofa of velvet of the palest blue, ornamented with a fringe of gold. The whole inside of the alcove was

mirror,

mirror, and two breathing statues of Venus and Cupid, in their customary attire, held lights at the entrance of the recess, which being veiled with a curtain of transparent pink gauze, was illuminated with the most touching splendour. To this spot was the astonished Seraphina conducted, and placed on this sofa, which seemed the throne of luxury; while her extraordinary companion, without relinquishing her captive fingers, seated himself beside her, and in a voice of exquisite tenderness, besought her to consider herself as the sovereign of all she saw, and himself as the most devoted of her slaves.

"I would wish, my Seraphina," said he, "to touch that lovely bosom by gentleness and kindness; yet remember," grasping hard her delicate fingers, "remember you are mine!"

This mixture of menace and submission terrified Seraphina, who found herself completely in his power, in a room most luxuriantly furnished, where not a single being but themselves appeared, and where every thing bespoke the uncontrouled voluptuousness of the master. In a few minutes a small table, covered with the most exquisite dainties, appeared in the recess, and Seraphina gazed in wonder. Her lover besought her to take some refreshment. She had not eaten since she quitted the hotel with her aunt in the morning, and she really wanted food. She suffered him, therefore, to persuade her, but she took merely some sweetmeats, and resolved to forbear touching salt while she staid; for, dazzling as was the magnificence with which she was surrounded, she had no wish but to escape. She felt restrained in eating too, as her strange companion still retained her fingers in his energetic grasp. At length, he prevailed on her to drink a glass of wine;

wine; it was exquisite, but Seraphina was alarmed, and insisted on diluting it with water.

After their repast was over, which had been attended with many wild strains of aerial music, which now seemed swelling close beside them, now dying away in soft and distant cadences, sometimes accompanied by a single melodious voice, and sometimes by many in full and harmonious concert, the singular Lord of these luxuries exclaimed aloud—"Dancing!"—A number of light and graceful female figures, clad in sparkling and almost transparent drapery, appeared, to the increasing astonishment of Seraphina, who could discover no possible means of their entering. Her wonder, however, was suspended in admiration at the grace, the agility, and the expression of their movements. She saw represented, in action the most intelligible, the fabled amours of Cupid and Psyche, more than three centuries before the ballet-masters of modern times had invented this elegant style of Pantomime. Her apprehensions would have yielded to the interest thus excited, had not her lover, with a fervent grasp of her still captive hand, pointed out to her the particulars of the story; and appropriating to her the name of Psyche, insinuated that he had the love and the charms of the youthful God, who had, like him, the misfortune to be misapprehended by his beautiful mistress. She took him for a dreadful monster, never having been allowed to see him, and lamented her unhappy fate in being the bride of a terrible hippogriff.

"For my part," said the strange being who thus enthralled the fair Seraphina, "my lovely mistress will not view me as I am."

"How so?" demanded Seraphina.

"You cannot see me as I am," replied he, "until

" until you give me your voluntary consent to be mine! Then you would see how nearly I resemble that engaging Cupid, who, unknown, inspires Psyche with such affright!"

Seraphina remained silent. Ferdinand di Marino, whom she had seen, resembled Cupid nearly enough to content her; yet her curiosity was strangely raised to see without disguise a being of such singular power. But at what a price must she obtain such a privilege? Oh no! she could not think of it! What, abandon Ferdinand merely to gratify an idle curiosity? Oh no, no, no!

The dancing over, Seraphina wished to retire, and obtained permission of her extraordinary master. He led her to the door of her apartment, and imprinting on her fair hand a tender, yet respectful kiss, bade her farewell. The same sedate personage attended to assist at her evening toilet; but Seraphina, weary of constraint, gave her to understand that she required no help, but wished to be left alone. The good matron curtsied, and left her; but Seraphina observed that she locked the door of the apartment on the outside. This circumstance a good deal appalled her. She endeavoured to secure it on the inside also; but, as she was drawing the bolts, recollected with a sigh, how little safety from intrusion she should derive from any fastenings, while under the roof of a being so strangely potent.

Oppressed with feelings she could not controul, she threw herself upon a sofa, and ruminated on her situation. She shuddered at the idea of being so completely in the power of her persecutor—she shuddered still more at the idea of his power itself.—How

was it obtained? Whence derived? By what means supported? These were questions she could not answer without dismay. Power thus manifested, must be illegal, must be—she hesitated to pronounce the word—*infernal!* The death of Gortz, the deception passed on the Signora Bianca, the singular captivity in which she was detained, the extraordinary luxuries which seemed to spring up spontaneously in this enchanted sojourn, all struck her as corroborating proofs of the truth of her surmise. From this inference the upright mind of Seraphina naturally deduced another, that to resist infernal power must be right; and though she seemed very inadequate to support such resistance, she determined to do all that lay in her power, and consoling herself with the reflection, that to do right always brings its own reward, she resolved to support with fortitude this week of trial, and then boldly to disavow her belief of the contract, and publicly to assert her will to depart instantly.

The utter and absolute impossibility that such a contract could exist, she was well convinced of. Who but a father could ever have had power to conclude such a treaty? And would a father, at the moment of his death, consign an infant daughter to an utter stranger?—for this man pretended to no early friendship with the two Signors d'Alberti, and founded his claim solely on a contract entered into when her father quitted the world.—"Of whom then," mournfully thought Seraphina, "of whom then did he obtain the promise of this wretched hand? Not of my uncle, for he was too punctual in all his concerns, as well as too fond of my aunt, to have gone to the wars without apprizing

apprizing her of a circumstance of such importance, and the ignorance of which might be attended with such terrible mistakes."—The singularity of her lover's foreknowledge of her journey to Francfort now struck her.—"Whence could he have gained intelligence, which was scarcely certain to ourselves?"

The question could be answered only by referring the solution of the enigma to some preternatural power. This idea made her shudder; and the more she reflected, the more she felt determined on her plan of temporizing for the week, and boldly asserting her resistance at the end of it. The week appeared to her an eternity. The various pleasures which succeeded each other, seemed to Seraphina more tedious than the uninteresting tricks of the conjurer: she felt herself the victim of a specious delusion, from which she was unable to emancipate herself, and she thought the hours lingered in their course. Frightful as was the resistance by which she meant to attempt to break the confinement which bound her, any active exertion seemed, at some moments, preferable to such languid acquiescence in the luxuries of the palace; yet, at other moments, she felt too fearful to anticipate the period of trial, by previously announcing her decided negative. The dreadful words—"At all events you are mine!" continually resounded in her ears; yet the close of all her deliberations constantly was, that she would not be so with her own concurrence.

The days passed in a succession of amusements and luxuries that beggar description. One while, Seraphina was placed as the arbitress of a tournament, and held a garland of white roses as the meed of the victor; another time, suc-

cessive bards rehearsed odes in her praise, which were afterwards sung to the most ravishing strains of celestial music. She was then led to view games resembling those held at Olympus in days of old, where she beheld the most graceful activity exerted in racing, leaping, &c. and the most surprising proofs of strength in wrestling, throwing the discus, and innumerable other exercises. Theatrical exhibitions at other times captivated her senses, and now animated her face with smiles of hilarity, now melted her soul with touches of tenderness.

She sometimes wondered whence came all the actors in these various amusements; for when the performances were over, nothing could equal the stillness and solitude of the Castle. All these diversions were seasoned with professions of love from her singular companion, and all the little manœuvres of gallantry were put in practice, never omitting the mysterious interweaving of their fingers; yet did not Seraphina feel her heart softened towards him: his attentions disgusted her, the strange expression of his eyes filled her with terror, and the contemplation of his power inspired her with aversion. Yet she anticipated with alarm the moment when she should refuse her consent to their union, and she employed all the powers of her mind in endeavouring to gain strength for the conflict.

Every moment the dreaded, yet wished-for period drew near. She had retired for the last time to her chamber. The next day was to decide her fate, and she passed the night in recalling to mind the various graces of Ferdinand di Marino, and the extreme turpitude by which power so unholy as that of her persecutor must have been acquired; and it is difficult to say

which

which contemplation most contributed to the resolution she felt when the morning dawned of the eventful day.

Her toilet-attendant refused, on that day, to be dismissed. She attired Seraphina with more than usual grace, and she could not but perceive herself, as the numerous and splendid mirrors reflected her graceful form, that she looked that day uncommonly lovely. Her heart beat with terrible emotion as she proceeded to the saloon; her agitation gave redoubled lustre to her eyes, and animation to her cheeks; her trembling sensibility throbbed violently in every pulse, and she entered the apartment with an air at once eager and timid.

Her lover, ever splendid in his attire, was now unusually so. He rose to meet her, advanced to the door, took her hand, led her into the center of the room, and described a circle with his sword. She resolutely stepped beyond it, and said aloud—"Is it to magic circles you would owe my determination?"

He himself left the circle, and with the most respectful tenderness taking her hand, said—"May I flatter myself your visible emotion is a favourable symptom for me? Will you now voluntarily yield your fingers to this symbolical inter-union?"

"No," exclaimed Seraphina aloud, "now, nor ever will I yield to the unholy arts of magic and incantation!"

Her lover looked much surprised, but more alarmed. Seraphina failed not to observe the happy omen, and continued in a firm tone of voice—"I conjure you, by all the powers of Heaven, to restore me to my friends!"

She then uttered those sacred names, against which no magical delusion can stand; and in a

moment found herself on a bed in the hotel in Francfort, with her aunt sitting by her, holding her hand, and gazing on her with the most earnest attention.

"Where am I?" said Seraphina, softly; "and was it all a dream?"

"Yes, my child, and a most horrible one," replied Signora Bianca, "to judge by its effects on you."

"How long have I been asleep?" enquired the still trembling girl.

"Ever since the morning," answered the kind aunt, "ever since the moment when the smoke of that vile conjurer's fire overcame you, and I had you conveyed hither while insensible."

"My dear aunt," resumed the incredulous Seraphina, "I must have slept a whole week!"

"No, my dear child," replied the Signora; "but I have anxiously awaited your awaking, both on account of your unquiet sleep, and because I have letters from Italy."

Seraphina's heart bounded with an involuntary joy, and she eagerly enquired their import.

"I believe we may return home," said the old lady; "my health is sufficiently benefited, and Ferdinand di Marino has obtained his father's consent, and is anxious for your union."

Seraphina's dream had done much towards increasing her affection for this young man, and she joyfully stepped into the carriage which was to carry them back. On their journey she related to her aunt the strange events of her dream, and learned, with a surprise she could not repress, that she had not been ten minutes in the hall of exhibition, for that she had fainted

fainted almost instantly, and been taken back to the hotel.

Signora Bianca listened to her niece's relation with wonder. Seraphina deduced from it the important maxim, that a steady adherence to the interests of virtue, and a resolute refusal to concur in all schemes of vice, will ultimately conquer all difficulties, and be crowned with the most permanent and brilliant success.

THE

ARABIAN LOVERS.

ANAS-ELOUJOUD is the hero I sing. He had no equal in beauty, and he triumphed over all the efforts of jealousy; his eyes were black, without the assistance of art*; his cheeks were brilliant as the stars which shine in the bosom of darkness. Nature had bestowed on him so many charms, that whoever saw, could not but love him. Wherever he appeared, the gracefulness of his deportment secured him universal favour: whenever he spake, the fascinating magic of his wit extorted universal admiration. When the Sultan, at any extraordinary festival, drank the nectar of Schiras, he received his cup from the hands of Anas-Eloujoud, which seemed to impart additional sweetness to the delicious beverage. When this young Lord was absent, the pleasures of the table became insipid to the Sultan, who found fault with every thing about him, and even spilled his wine, saying—"This is forbidden liquor!"

* The women of the East make their *eyes* black with *soheh*, that is to say, with a preparation of black-lead. The coxcombs of the country follow their example.

When the day arrived on which the anniversary of the Sultan's accession to the throne was to be celebrated by public games and solemn feasts, Anas-Eloujoud approached him, and said—"Sublime Emperor! deign to gratify my ambition by permitting me to shine in the splendour of royalty; by permitting your soldiers to line the road as I pass to the plain, where I mean to dispute the prize of the course with the young nobles of Ispahan. May Heaven deign to protect your glorious days!"

"Go," replied the Sultan, "and command in my empire."

Anas-Eloujoud, surrounded by a magnificent train, traversed the city, amidst soldiers ranged on either side, and repaired to the plain, where he combated with the lance and the javelin. His dexterity and strength were eminently conspicuous in both these exercises. He disarmed the bravest warriors. To these encounters succeeded horse-racing. A hundred Persian gentlemen start from the barrier; the earth resounds beneath the feet of their horses; they dart forward with the rapidity of lightning; they are enveloped in a cloud of dust; one might almost say, they are borne on the wings of the tempest. Anas-Eloujoud, bending over the floating mane of his courser, caressed him with his hand, and encouraged him by his voice. Thrice he outstripped his illustrious rivals; thrice he arrived the first at the appointed goal. Having borne away every prize, in the evening he re-entered the gates of the capital, preceded by musicians, and announced by the sound of trumpets; he advanced, followed by the acclamations of the people, and the despair of those who envied his glory,

glory, while the jealous moon hid her silver orb.

The daughter of the Visier, the beautiful Ouardi, is about to appear in my song. With secret emotion she had beheld this illustrious youth as he passed along; already had swift-winged Fame proclaimed his success; she ran to her window to witness his glorious return. Innumerable torches lighted his triumphal march. The conqueror was accompanied by two thousand Mamalukes, skilled in the use of the bow. Mounted on the courser of the Sultan, he rode in the midst of the troops, and his towering head appeared above them all. His turban was decorated with a green bough, the signal of victory. Ouardi saw him in the flower of youth, and crowned with glory. She felt the first symptoms of a rising passion, which robbed her of her rest: for the first time she experienced desires, and her heart, by an irresistible impulse, flew towards Anas-Eloujoud. In the contemplation of his grace, his beauty, and his noble deportment, she inhaled the insidious poison of love. Confused and agitated, she wishes to turn her eyes from this fascinating object, but in vain: they immediately return, to fix on her conqueror with redoubled eagerness. The bright colour of his cheeks, the clearness of his complexion, the equal curves of his black eyebrows, the fire of his eyes, alternately attract her admiration, and tempt her to exclaim—"Happy the woman whom fate has destined to be united to thee, who shall pass the days by thy side, or in thine arms! Alas! I love thee: may thy heart burn with an equal flame!"

Anas-Eloujoud, having traversed the city with his pompous retinue, went to visit the Sultan, and received with transport the congratulations

of his master. When a splendid supper had concluded the rejoicings of the day, he returned to his palace, to enjoy the sweets of repose. But the fair Ouardi has lost her tranquillity: love has descended from her eyes to her heart, and inflicted an incurable wound. A secret flame pervades her every sense; the distracted virgin loses the use of her reason, and can no longer resist the violence of her disorder. She called her governess; and as the tears flowed from her eyes, she wiped them away with a slight tissue of oriental silk.

"Whence these tears?" said the governess. "You have no reason to be dissatisfied with your lot; your father is Visier, and walks on the right of the Sultan; chief magistrate of the realm, the people pay implicit obedience to his laws."

"Alas!" answered Ouardi, "thou knowest not the cause of my pain: these tears flow for a young Lord, whose wonderful beauty has captivated my heart! Overcome by an impetuous passion, I have now discovered the fatal secret. Before I saw him, I enjoyed all the sweets of indifference; but those blessed days of tranquil happiness are past. I love—I burn! Oh my friend! go to the author of my trouble; let him receive from thy mouth the confession of my love; paint its violence in the glowing colours of truth; shrink not from the task, but be faithful and expeditious!"

She then took a sheet of paper; and as the tears again rushed in torrents from her eyes, and her bosom burned with additional heat, she penned this tender epistle:—

"Illustrious youth! thou hast conquered all thy noble competitors on the plain! The moon has been jealous of thy superior splendour. I have

seen

seen thee, and have lost my repose! He who named thee Anas-Eloujoud* had read the book of fate. Oh thou who inspirest thy friends with joy, and drivest the envious to despair! Oh thou whom Nature formed for love, compassionate those pains of which thou art the author! Take pity of one who is dying for love of thee! Take pity of the state to which thou hast reduced me! My strength, my reason are fled! I swear by the God of worlds †, that love is a devouring fire! there is no torment equal to that which his slaves experience!"

The governess immediately repaired to the palace of Anas-Eloujoud, whom she found in a retired apartment; and, throwing herself at his feet, she embraced his knees, and said—"My Lord, I salute you on the part of her who sent me hither; may I hope that my message will be favourably received, or must I return dissatisfied? The beauty I serve is overwhelmed with grief, and her lovely eyes are drowned with tears!"

At these words she presented the letter, which Anas-Eloujoud opened with great eagerness; and, having read it, found the sure proofs of Ouardi's passion. As his mind was endued with exquisite sensibility, and impressed with the most generous sentiments, the candour of the Visier's daughter filled his heart with joy. The same irresistible flame which raged in her bosom, now burned in his, and he burst forth into this involuntary exclamation—"Oh

* The accomplished man.

† This oath is frequently used in the Alcoran. The inhabitants of the East, who hold it inviolate, sometimes pronounce it in cases of importance.

Heavens!

Heavens! what infinite happiness would be the portion of that mortal who could unite his fate to that of so tender a lover!"

He then took up his pen, and wrote these words:—

"Oh thou who reignest over all Persia, the unrivalled Queen of Beauty! thou, whose grace, whose art, whose talents are the universal theme of commendation! daughter of the Visier, lovely Ouardi, thou hast sent me a letter, and hast deigned to supplicate! Thy generosity has won my heart; it is wholly thine: Anas-Eloujoud becomes thy eternal adorer, and the slave of thy will!"

The Governess returned with this answer, which delighted the beautiful Ouardi. As she read it, her cheeks were covered with roses, her heart palpitated with joy, and her bosom heaved like that of the dove. She again took up her pen, and Love dictated these verses, which were incessantly watered with her tears:—

"Oh Anas-Eloujoud! Oh thou loveliest of thy sex! listen to the vows of thy mistress! Come, and reap the reward of thy affection. Come to my arms, or I shall sink beneath the violence of my love. By the Creator of Worlds, I swear, a burning passion consumes me! It has banished sleep from mine eyelids; it has preyed upon my heart from the first moment I saw thee, mounted on the Sultan's horse, eclipse with thy glory all the nobles who surrounded thee. I can no longer support thy absence. My whole soul is filled with thy image; it is ever before my eyes in the day, and at night I think I see it at my side: but when I awake, the illusion disappears. Alas! sleep is a deceiver!"

The Governess carried this second epistle to the favourite:

favourite of the Sultan. He was negligently reclining on a rich sofa, and still perusing the letter of his beauteous mistress: his looks were uncommonly animated, and his face was radiant as that of Aurora.—"My Lord," said the messenger, prostrating herself before him, "these are the words of a lover who weeps thy absence."

Anas-Eloujoud read them with transport, and thus answered:—

"Tender Ouardi, beloved mistress! nothing should prevent me from flying to thy arms—not death itself, suspended over my head, could stop me, did I not fear that the vigilant eyes of thy guardians might discover the secret, and thy life become the price of my pleasures. Wait till Night shall come, to conceal our loves beneath her propitious veil. Mark but the moment, and I will rush into thy arms, to intoxicate myself with the enjoyments of love."

The Governess hastened to the palace of her mistress.—"Oh my good friend!" said Ouardi, "what news dost thou bring me?"

"The letter of an impassioned lover."

Ouardi trembled as she read it; and sent this reply:—

"Oh thou who art endued with little sensibility, with little courage, reflect on what I have done for thee: I have trusted myself to thy discretion. The consideration that thou wert a stranger and an orphan was insufficient to deter me from pursuing the dictates of my heart; and yet thou seemest to hesitate! How am I led away by the blindness of my passion! Oh thou dearest of men! I expect thee this very night. When the moon shall have traversed half her destined space, come to me, that I may press thee to my bosom—and then die, if it must be so. I swear by the God of worlds,

worlds, that, were my father present, I would set his looks and his threats at defiance!"

When she had folded up the letter, and given it to her faithful Governess, she added—"Exaggerate the advantages I have received from nature, and the splendour of my birth. Tell him that he has never seen beauty equal to that of his beloved, and that there is none superior to be found among the daughters of Kings!"

The messenger was going to execute her commission, when she met the Visier at the door, and being alarmed at the unexpected sight of him, she let the letter fall from her hands. The Visier seized it, and discovered the passion of Ouardi. Filled with rage, he immediately went to his wife; and, presenting the letter, said—"See the misconduct of your daughter. How long has Anas-Eloujoud, the favourite of our Sovereign, been the object of her affections? How long has this base connection been maintained? Should the Sultan be apprized of it, I should lose my head. But I will instantly punish the guilty girl, and in her blood wash away our disgrace."

"My Lord!" replied his affrighted wife, "this affair was unknown to me—it drives me to despair. But, if you wish to keep it secret, and to escape the storm that threatens you, shut up your daughter in the palace built by your ancestors in the middle of the Solitary Island; and let her be guarded by slaves, on whose fidelity and virtue you can depend. The smallest pretext will suffice for carrying her away before her infamy becomes public. She will there live, far removed from her lover, till the recollection of her dishonour be buried in the tomb."

The

The Visier was pleased with her advice. Being sprung from the blood of the Caliphs, he possessed an island towards the extremity of the Persian Gulph, surrounded by nature with lofty rocks, the dread of mariners, against whose sides the waves dashed furious with a horrid noise, and accessible only by one small inlet. When the least wind was stirring, the vessels, tossed by the waves, strove in vain to enter the harbour, and, driven on the points of the rocks, were broken into pieces, and the wretched sailors consigned to a watery grave. Many were deterred by these dangers from approaching this formidable abode. Although it contained an antique castle, surrounded by shady bowers, incessantly refreshed by rivulets, which flowed from the foot of the mountains, the Solitary Island was uninhabited. Thither did the Visier resolve to convey the unfortunate Ouardi. His power was great, and his word was law. He issues his orders, and instantly a superb vessel, commanded by an experienced Captain, is laden with furniture, carpets, and other precious effects, and only waits his pleasure to depart.

When every thing was prepared, the Visier, dissembling his grief, repaired to his daughter's apartment, and said to her—"Mother of the Graces, arise, and follow me; and bring with thee such slaves as best please thee."

Having pronounced these words, he left her. Ouardi, knowing the unhappy fate of her letter, perceived that she was about to quit her paternal mansion for a distant exile. She gave herself up to tears and lamentations; but in vain: the die is cast—she is going to be eternally separated from the object of her adoration. This misfortune, however, only serving to increase the violence of her passion, she exclaimed—

exclaimed—" No! death alone can extinguish the flame that consumes me! Could I but hope to see my lover again! Would some kind friend restore him to my wishes! Oh place of my birth, I quit thee, perhaps for ever! If thou wouldst but have suffered me to receive the youth for whom my tears now flow! to bestow on him the title of husband! to repose, by his side, on voluptuous cushions! to yield up my heart and my senses to his transports! to give him, with my own hand, a delicious beverage!"

She had scarcely uttered these words, when a slave entered, and said—" Princess, come down; the Visier is waiting for you."

The beauteous Ouardi arose, and slowly descended the stairs, surrounded by her afflicted women. When she came to the bottom of the staircase*, she stopped, and, in obedience to the dictates of her passion, wrote the following words on the wall:—

" Oh palace, which I have inhabited from my infancy! should my lover repair hither, in the name of God make known to him my destiny! Tell him the unfortunate Ouardi has been carried away before the dawn of day, before she could taste with him the sweets of love. To repay her for those tears which she has shed, do thou shed tears in thy turn, and upon this stone read the marks of her disgrace. Her vows have been frustrated—her father has intercepted the letter which she wrote to thee. If, after her misfortune, thou quittest not thy palace to fol-

* There are two staircases to the harem; one for those men who have the privilege of admission, the other solely for the use of the women. It was at the bottom of this last, by which her lover was to be introduced, that Ouardi wrote these words.

low

low her, she will rise up against thee at the day of judgment, and accuse thee before the face of the universe!"

When she was about to depart, her mother ran up to her, embraced her tenderly, and having bathed her face with tears, exclaimed—"Oh my daughter! who can penetrate into futurity? One day you will perhaps return, to restore joy to our hearts. Oh unhappy error, which compels us to sentence thee to banishment! Must we redeem, by the loss of thee, the honour of our family? Thou art going to leave us, and the place in which I have watched over your infancy will now become a dreary solitude. How dear was thy presence to my heart! thou wert my glory and my consolation. Alas! my happiness will take its flight with thee, and grief henceforth will be my only guest. Thy absence is about to cover my days with darkness. Thy deserted apartment will be a place of shelter to the birds of night. Never more shall I enter it. Alas, my strength forsakes me! My clothes are become an insupportable burden. Thy departure kills me!"

The tender Ouardi, almost stifled by her tears and sobs, could not give utterance to a single word. Groaning, she kissed her mother's hands, and pressed them to her bosom. They were obliged to force Ouardi from her arms, in order to put her into the litter which had been prepared for her. It was now she felt all the horrors of her destiny, and appeared to be plunged in the deepest affliction. The Visier, seeing her in this condition, forgot his anger to indulge in tenderness.—"Oh my daughter!" cried he, "add not to the evils which thy parents suffer. I am like the eye that has lost its beloved object. Its disorder continues to increase,

increase, and it requires the aid of the physician. My days are about to be changed into gloomy nights: I shall be a stranger in my own palace. But let us not banish hope. Ah, who can penetrate into the decrees of the Most High!"

The camels which carried the wretched Ouardi advanced with astonishing rapidity, while the Visier followed with her women, and the moon lighted them on their way. By day-break they arrived at the sea-side, and went on board the vessel which was ready to receive them. The Captain immediately unfurled the sail, and a favourable breeze carried them into the open sea. Scarce had the sun attained the zenith, when, in the skirts of the horizon, they descried the summit of the mountains of the Solitary Island, where they landed safely before night. The Visier soothed his daughter with expressions of kindness, and conducted her to the ancient castle which had been built by his ancestors. It contained apartments of a vast extent, whose ceilings were covered with cloth of gold, and which they now embellished with magnificent carpets and rich cushions, while the fountains, which rose in the center of each room, preserved a constant freshness that revived the senses, and kept up a pleasing murmur that charmed the ear.

The Visier, afraid that his departure might be noticed by the public, hastened his return to the city. Steered by a skilful pilot, he avoided the rocks (which extended to a considerable distance from the shore, beneath the surface of the water), and reached the coast of Persia. In order to destroy all traces of his voyage, he ordered the vessel to be instantly burned; and the next day he re-entered the gates of Ispahan.

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The wretched Ouardi remained a prey to the deepest sorrow; she passed her days and nights in lamentation, and tears were her only sustenance.

In the meantime, Anas-Eloujoud, after waiting two days for the commands of his mistress, began to be greatly alarmed. He had taken no kind of nourishment, and sleep was a stranger to his eyes. Unable any longer to support the torments of uncertainty, he rises before the break of day, and slipping out unperceived by his attendants, secretly repairs to the palace of Ouardi. He climbs to the top of a wall; and, neither seeing nor hearing any one near, he imagines that the whole family are still asleep; and, sliding down into the court which leads to his mistress's apartment, he discovers the characters which her hand had traced out on the wall. He had come with a bosom palpitating with joy; but he returned with a heart oppressed with grief.—"Such then," he exclaimed, "is the fate of man! He sows the pregnant seeds of hope, and reaps nothing but despair!"

Anas-Eloujoud returned to his palace with a look that betrayed the trouble of his soul.—"Was ever," said he, "a separation so cruel? When on the point of possessing the adorable object of my love, she is snatched away from me. Abode of luxury, thou shalt no longer be my residence! Ye gilded cornices, ye magnificent carpets, ye have no longer any attractions for Anas-Eloujoud!"

As he uttered these words, he threw aside his sword, and all the ornamental parts of his dress.—"Why are not wings permitted to a lover, when in pursuit of a fugitive mistress? I will seek her to the farthest extremity of the world!"

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He then put on a mean dress, that he might not be known; and taking a stick, the emblem of misfortune, in his hand, set out in search of Ouardi.

Anas-Eloujoud, being thus disguised, went from city to city, and from country to country; he traversed horrid deserts, strayed through gloomy vales, and climbed over shaggy mountains, calling on men, on Heaven, and on earth, for news of his beloved. Long did he pursue his fruitless search; long were his lamentations repeated only by the plaintive voice of echo. At length, being overcome with fatigue, and having reached the entrance of a cave, which was the residence of a venerable dervise bending beneath the weight of years, he stopped, to indulge his melancholy thoughts. The image of Ouardi was ever present to his mind, embellished with all those nameless perfections which the flattering pencil of love never fails to bestow. Yielding to the dictates of his passion, he exclaimed—"Oh ye inhabitants of this cave, whoever ye be, pity the hapless fate of a wretched wanderer! Have ye not seen the lovely object of my affection? Her skin is whiter than the purest alabaster; her cheeks excel the blushing beauties of the new-blown rose; her hair, in waving ringlets, hangs over her snowy shoulders; her looks are more piercing than the tempered steel! Alas, I have lost her! Ye inhabitants of this friendly cave, have ye not seen the fair Ouardi?"

The dervise, struck with this portrait, and feeling the embers of a flame that was scarcely extinguished, glow within his bosom, left his prayers to attend the lover.—"Young man," said he, "enter this cave, and we will attempt the pleasing task of mutual consolation. We are

are not the only victims of the tyrant Love! Be seated, and I will endeavour to find a cure for your wound. Suffer, meanwhile, the genial rays of hope to cheer your drooping mind; your misfortunes are perhaps drawing near to an end: rest yourself, therefore, and accept such nourishment as my cave affords."

The old man, whose white beard descended to his girdle, and whose venerable mien enforced respect, immediately placed before his youthful guest a rustic repast, consisting of sweet-scented honey, dates fresh gathered, and luscious grapes, which hung in purple clusters on the mountain's side. His beverage was the cold stream, pure as the virgin crystal from the neighbouring brook.—As soon as Anas-Eloujoud had finished his frugal meal, the dervise thus addressed him:—"Young man, I am pleased with your countenance; and, as your heart is exempt from corruption, I am anxious to merit your confidence. Listen to my story; it may serve to sooth your anxiety, and will give me the satisfaction of imparting my misfortunes to one who is endued with sufficient sensibility to bestow on them the tear of compassion, and the sigh of sympathy.

"I am the son of the Visier Sarmacand. My father brought me up, amidst the pomp of his court, to the noble profession of arms, in which, during my early youth, I gained such distinction as procured me the appointment of Commander in Chief. The reputation I acquired by some brilliant exploits, excited the hatred of envy; but the protection of my Prince, and the credit of his Minister, sheltered me from its stings. The rank which I now enjoyed satisfied my ambition, and gave me content; but love, alas! was destined to interrupt my felicity, and

promote my destruction. The most beautiful of all the Sultan's slaves, having conceived a passion for me, sent me an invitation, which the frozen breast of apathy itself could not have slighted. In short, she made me the happiest of mortals; and every thought was employed in giving her the most unequivocal proofs of grateful tenderness: I was lost in delight. At length, however, the keen eye of envy pierced the mysterious veil which concealed our joys; while its malicious tongue betrayed us to the monarch. This fatal discovery caused the ruin of my family, and the death of my beloved; while I myself, disguised in the dress of a dervise, escaped the rage of persecution. I wandered over the frozen climes of Tartary; descended from the summits of Tibet into the plains of India; visited the happy isles, where spice and perfumes grow; then returned to the continent; and, after traversing all Persia, I retired to this solitary retreat, overcome with care, fatigue, and melancholy. It is now forty years since I first established my residence in this rugged cave. I live on the fruits of yonder date-trees, and of these vines which decorate the mountain, and the water of the rivulet forms my only beverage. Would you believe, my son, that this long space of time has been insufficient to efface from my heart the image of Nadira? The impression is now as strong as in the days of my happiness. Methinks I see her lovely shade wandering round my lonely cave, hear her melodious voice break the dread silence of the gloomy night. Not a day passes but I pay her the tearful tribute of affection; and while I mourn the rigour of her fate, I lament my own, which has reserved me for severer trials! Oh Nadira! Nadira! soon shall I join thee—soon

shall

shall I terminate a life of misery!—As for you, my son, who have but just entered on the flowery path, exert your courage; and may you be more fortunate than me!—But tell me, what brought you to this unfrequented spot?"

Anas-Eloujoud, deeply affected with his story, embraced the venerable old man, whose face he bathed with his tears. When he had somewhat recovered from the first transports of sympathizing grief, he thus replied:—"I was born in the province of Cachemir; but being stolen from my parents by robbers, I was sold to the King of the Persians. That Prince, being struck with those talents which the liberal hand of Nature had bestowed on me, ordered them to be cultivated with extraordinary care, and brought me up to the first employments in the state. Having saved his life in battle, at the head of the Mamalukes, who fought under my command, and having turned the fortune of the day in his favour, I entirely gained his confidence and esteem. At his Court, I enjoyed all the splendour of wealth, the attractions of rank, and the influence of unlimitted power. O my father! the daughter of the Visier, the most lovely of all the virgins of Ispahan, has inspired me with a passion as violent as ever glowed within the bosom of man. I have sacrificed every thing to my love; and, for three whole years, have sought her by sea and by land. At the very moment when possession was about to render me the happiest of mortals, she disappeared; and I know not to what country her barbarous father has banished her."

The old dervise, after remaining some time in deep meditation, suddenly exclaimed—"If the knowledge I derive from my misfortunes

deceive me not, you will find the object of your adoration in an island situated at the extremity of the Persian Gulph, which belongs to the Visier. Arise, and follow me!"

As he said this, he led Anas-Eloujoud over a sandy plain, whose surface had been long stripped of its verdure by the devouring heat of the sun. After a painful march of several hours, they arrived at a narrow path, that led to the summit of those hills, which skirt the southern banks of the Euphrates.—"Do you see," said the old man, "yonder noble river, rolling its impetuous waves towards the sea? Descend the hill, pursue its course, and it will bring you opposite to the Solitary Island, which you will know by the lofty mountains that surround it. When you approach it, turn to the south-east, as that is the only part in which it is accessible."

The dervise then embraced the youthful traveller; and, having offered up vows for the success of his enterprise, returned to his cave, to lament the loss of his unfortunate Nadira.

Anas-Eloujoud thanked his generous host; and, invoking benedictions on his head, departed, with a heart elated by joy and hope. He descended swiftly into the valley, and reached the banks of the river, where he found a bark, the owner of which he engaged, by liberal promises, to conduct him to the place of his destination. The sail was unfurled, and the wind seconding the impetuosity of the current, pressed them forward with the rapidity of an arrow. Anas-Eloujoud paid no attention to the numerous flocks which embellished the verdant pastures, nor to the smiling landscapes dissected by rivulets, which pour into the Euphrates the fulness of their waves. His heart, animated with a single

single desire; his mind, wholly engrossed by a single sentiment; in all nature he sees nothing but his beloved, nothing but the tender Ouardi.

He had passed the mouth of the river, and having lost sight of land, stretched his longing eyes over the vast expanse of water, when he discovered some shining objects in the skirts of the horizon. They were the rocks of the Solitary Island! He trembled with joy, and his ardent fancy overleaped the intermediate space. Mindful of the orders he had received from the Dervise, he directed the helm to the south-east. He approached the island, and the mountains increasing, soon convinced him he was not deceived. At that instant, the pilot descried a small dark cloud, which, as he knew it to be the sure sign of a storm, filled his heart with terror. He was anxious to return to the coast he had left, but Anas-Eloujoud compelled him to proceed. The cloud, though at first almost imperceptible, gradually increased in bulk, till, like a vast chain of mountains, it obscured a part of the firmament; while, as the wind agitated the waves, the sea acquired a gloomy aspect, and sent forth a dismal noise. The rocks became white with the foam, the storm raged with redoubled violence, the slender bark was one moment raised to the skies, and the next plunged into a deep abyss: death threatened them on every side. The affrighted pilot could no longer steer, but exclaimed, with a voice expressive of horror, that they were about to dash against the rocks. Anas-Eloujoud had but just time to untie his girdle, and throw off a part of his dress, when a roaring wave shattered the vessel, and plunged them into the bosom of the ocean. The unhappy lover rose to the surface, and exerted his utmost efforts to gain the

neighbouring shore, beating, with sinewy arms, the foaming billows. Having seen the pilot dashed against the rocks, he made a long circuit, in order to avoid a similar fate. Long did he struggle with the impetuous waves, till at length he felt his limbs grow stiff, and his strength forsake him. He made, however, one bold effort, which fortunately threw him on a rock, to which he clung with all his force; and, as the watery mountains passed over his head, he held his breath, and remained motionless. By degrees the fury of the storm subsided, the sky recovered its wonted serenity, and the cheerful rays of hope once more beamed on the bosom of the wretched lover. After an hour's repose, he again plunged into the sea, and gained the shore, on which he lay for some time in a state of stupefaction; till, his vital heat being restored by the warmth of the sun, he recovered sufficient strength to ascend the hill, where he laid himself down in an arbour of orange-trees, and fell into a profound sleep.

Meanwhile, the fair Ouardi's love acquired fresh force, from the obstacles opposed to its gratification. Ever intent on its object, she thought of nothing but Anas-Eloujoud; she could see nothing but his image. Her days were passed in fruitless desires, and unavailing sorrow. Her slaves, in order to amuse her mind, led her to those enchanted bowers, with which the island was covered, while the earth's surface exhibited a constant verdure, the grateful produce of perpetual spring. The myrtle, the orange, the scarlet-flowered pomegranate, and the Arabian jasmine formed, with their spreading branches, a delicious shade. These were inhabited by cooing turtles, and the little songsters of the grove, who hailed, with their harmonious

harmonious warblings, the rising and the setting sun. Silver rivulets flowed between banks of the most fragrant flowers. In this delightful spot, Ouardi indulged her amorous thoughts: she gathered, for her lover, the pomegranate and the orange; she wove a garland of myrtle to embellish his hair; she pressed him to sit by her side on the verdant turf, to inhale the balsamic emanations of odoriferous plants, while she addressed him in the warmest language of love. But when this illusion vanished, and truth's sober ray dispelled the mist which obscured her reason, and her eternal separation from Anas-Eloujoud recurred to her distracted mind, her strength forsook her, torrents of tears streamed down her lovely face, and a settled melancholy took possession of her heart. For a long time did she flatter herself that he would discover her retreat; but three years, passed in fruitless expectation, having deprived her of that pleasing hope, she gave herself up to despair, and resolved to attempt her escape, though at the risk of being swallowed up by the waves. At length she found means to elude the vigilance of her guards; and, getting out of a window which looked to the sea, she walked towards the harbour. At break of day she climbed the summit of a lofty rock, and casting her eyes over the vast expanse of water, she perceived, at a little distance, a fisherman throwing his nets. She made a sign to him with her handkerchief, upon which he immediately sailed towards her; and when he approached, remained for some time motionless with surprise, at seeing a woman of her youth and beauty, arrayed too with such magnificence, wandering in that desert place.

"Enter my bark," said he: "you have

nothing to fear. Are you a mortal, or of the race of the Genii? Tell me, celestial maid, tell me who you are, and command your devoted slave."

"I am the daughter of a Visier," replied Ouardi, "and love has conducted me hither. O fisherman, deign to convey me to the nearest city! Perhaps I may there gain intelligence of my lover. I can no longer support life without him!"

She then wiped the tears from her eyes, and entered the bark. The fisherman hoisted the sail, and sung the following verses, which he composed extempore:—

"I have seen thee, and my heart is inspired with sensations, that have been hitherto unknown to it. Who can refrain from loving the most perfect beauty which adorns the earth? She has a right to the homage of all mankind. Her eyes sparkle with celestial fire. Her jetty locks descend in waving ringlets to her feet, and shed a sweet perfume all around. This incomparable beauty, before whom the trees, as she passes, bow down their heads, is the masterpiece of the Most High!"

After sailing for three days, a favourable wind brought them safe into the harbour of Bagdad, that celebrated city, in which commerce and the laws prosper, from unremitting encouragement. It was then governed by a monarch who distributed justice with an impartial hand: his name was Diwan. He had acquired great reputation by his military exploits; but beneficence was his chief virtue, and in generosity he was unrivalled. From the window of his palace he beheld the lovely Ouardi, and was struck with her beauty. Astonished at seeing a young maid so richly dressed,

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in a fisherman's bark, he sent two of his slaves to her with a consolatory message.—"Come," said they, "to speak to the Sultan, our master: he is of a generous nature, and they who place themselves under his protection, are secure from danger or insult."

Ouardi followed them to the palace with trembling steps; and being conducted into the King's presence, she kissed his hand, while the tears flowed from her eyes, and her bosom swelled with despair.

"Lovely maid," said the monarch, "what accident has brought you to this place? Has some ruffian carried you off by force? or are you the hapless victim of love? Tell me your name, who is your father, and where the place of your birth?"

"Sublime Emperor!" answered she, "my name is Ouardi, and my birth illustrious, my father being sprung from a race of Kings. His authority is extensive: when he appears in public, he is attended by two thousand lances. He is called Ibrahim; he is Visier to the Sultan Chamier, who governs the kingdom of Ispahan. A fatal passion which I conceived for a young nobleman of his Court, is the cause of my disgrace, my banishment, and my tears. Alas! when I first knew Love, I was ignorant of the torments he gives birth to. My lover's name is Anas-Eloujoud: in grace, in talents, and in courage he excels all the youths of the age. My union with him can alone remove the cause of my sorrow."

"Let the Visier be called," said the Sultan.

"Prince, I am here in readiness to execute your orders."

"Take eighty camels, load them with the richest stuffs, and instantly repair to the Sultan

Chamier. Say to him—" The Emperor Diwan greets thee: he asks thee a favour. Send him Anas-Eloujoud: he is desirous of seeing a nobleman of whom report speaks so highly."

The Visier obeyed, and departed.

The sun, disengaged from the vapours of the horizon, shed waves of light over the earth, giving new life to plants, and joy to animated beings. Already had he completed a third of his career, when the shrill notes of the feathered songsters, celebrating his presence, awakened Anas-Eloujoud, who had dreamed, during the night, that he saw the fair Ouardi approach him, and in kind accents invite him to follow her. After many useless efforts to awake him, she plunged into the waves, making the air resound with her plaintive cries. He now arose, with his mind still disturbed by his dream; and, having left the arbour, discovered a castle, built in the middle of the island. A ray of hope revived his drooping courage, as he walked with trembling steps towards that asylum which had so long concealed his beloved. When he arrived at the gate, a surly porter thus addressed him—" Whence come you? whither are you going? and what is your design? No stranger, without the risk of his life, can enter this solitude. Speak, and declare the truth."

" I am an unfortunate merchant," answered Anas-Eloujoud. " I had a vessel laden with silk, which the late storm has shipwrecked on the neighbouring rocks; and I am the only person who escaped. Behold this cloak, which scarcely suffices to cover my nakedness: it is all that remains of my whole fortune."

The porter, moved by his story, suffered him to enter. A profound silence prevailed through the

the various courts of the palace, which he traversed with anxious step, without meeting a single person, all the slaves being engaged in search of their mistress. As he entered those delightful bowers which Ouardi had just quitted, he perceived the cipher of his mistress, cut by the side of his own, in the bark of the orange-trees, and their names were interwoven in different places. He no longer doubts that the object of his adoration is near at hand: his heart palpitates with fear and hope; he is at a loss whither to direct his steps; now running through the winding labyrinths which enclose the bower, and now stopping, with attentive ear, to catch each vagrant sound, which he fondly hopes will prove the voice of his divinity. The gentle murmur of the distant waves alarms his heart; he shudders at the rustling leaves, moved by the mild breath of Zephyr: the smallest noise inspires him with dread, and his senses are in a state of inexpressible agitation as he walks through the groves, beneath whose grateful shades the fair Ouardi had reposed her lovely limbs. As he wandered about the gardens, he met Ouardi's attendants, who were searching after their mistress. At the sight of a man they started back with terror.—"Do not be afraid," said Anas-Eloujoud; "you have nothing to fear from an unfortunate stranger, who has been shipwrecked on this solitary coast. But whence those tears?"

"Alas!" said they, "the Visier of a great King had entrusted his daughter to our care; and last night she eluded our vigilance, and effected her escape. All our endeavours to find her have proved fruitless. When the Visier shall be apprized of this event, he will order us all to be put to death!"

Anas-Eloujoud was now convinced that this island had been the place of his lover's confinement; and he therefore joined in the pursuit.

Diwan's Visier had, in the meantime, arrived at the Court of Ispahan; and, having obtained an audience of the Sultan Chamier, thus addressed him:—"Magnificent Emperor! the Sultan Diwan has sent me to greet thee in his name, and to request that thou wouldst suffer Anas-Eloujoud, whose talents and exploits are the theme of universal commendation, to accompany me to his Court. Accept the congratulations of my master, and eighty camels loaded with riches. These presents, ample as they are, are still far beneath thy power and thy majesty!"

"Alas!" exclaimed Chamier, "where is Anas-Eloujoud to be found? Three years have now elapsed since he first disappeared; during which time, all my attempts to discover his retreat have proved fruitless. He was General of my armies, and my grand cup-bearer."

"Glorious Emperor!" replied the ambassador, "a young maiden is lately arrived at Bagdad, who calls herself the Princess Ouardi. She loves Anas-Eloujoud, and mourns his absence."

"She must have occasioned his flight," said the Sultan: "let her father be brought before me."

"Behold me at your feet," said the Visier. "If thou dost not depart this instant in search of Anas-Eloujoud, and bring him back with thee, thou shalt feel the effects of my vengeance: thee and thy whole race will I destroy!"

The father of Ouardi set out for the Solitary Island; and the Ambassador of Diwan returned to Bagdad, to give an account of his embassy.

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The news of Anas-Eloujoud's flight, and the uncertainty of his fate, gave fresh subject of uneasiness to the beautiful Ouardi: she not only trembled for his life, but for that of her father. The kindness of the Prince, who had received her so graciously; the magnificent palace which he had assigned for her residence; the superb gardens that surrounded it; the numerous slaves who were appointed to attend her; in short, all the luxuries she enjoyed, were incapable of affording the smallest mitigation to her grief. Alas! can the heart that has lost the object of its affections, admit of consolation?—"Unhappy love!" would she frequently exclaim; "delicious sentiment! which I received as the purest source of voluptuousness, why art thou so fertile in pains? I am banished from my family; I have left a mother to mourn my loss; I have endangered the life of a father, who cherished me with the utmost fervour of paternal fondness: and yet all these misfortunes united would be insufficient to make me renounce my lover. The more I endeavour to tear his image from my heart, the deeper does the dear impression sink. I wish to forget, but continue to adore. Should he fall a victim to the fatal passion which I have raised in his bosom!——Alas! day and night do I torment myself with painful conjectures and unavailing lamentations. O death! approach, and put an end to my sufferings!"

Thus did the amorous Ouardi vent her grief in complaints.

The Visier Ibrahim arrived at the Solitary Island, and found his slaves in tears.—"Wretches!" said he, "what have you done with my daughter?"

"My Lord, we have merited death! Our

mistress has eluded our vigilance, and profited by the darkness of the night to effect her escape. We have in vain endeavoured to discover her retreat, though assisted in our search by a merchant who was cast away on the island."

"You shall feel the effects of my vengeance!" said the Visier. "But who is this stranger?"

"We know him not, my Lord: he says that his ship was driven by a storm on the rocks which surround the island, where it was dashed to pieces, and his whole fortune lost in the sea. This disaster seems to have deprived him of his senses. Deep sighs issue from his bosom; he rolls himself upon the sand; and sometimes glues his lips to the bark of the trees."

"Bring him hither."

At these words, one of the slaves departed in search of Anas-Eloujoud, whom she found in the garden, deeply involved in thought.—"Stranger," said she, "follow me: the Visier requires your presence."

Though he started at the name of Visier, he determined to obey the summons. Ibrahim immediately recollected him, notwithstanding the change of his dress, and the alteration made in his countenance by the corroding hand of sorrow.

"Unhappy youth!" said he, "to what dreadful evils has thy imprudence exposed us! Give me back my daughter, the honour of my house, and the consolation of my old age. Thou hast lost her! She is now wandering about, from city to city, like a deserted victim; while the Sultan demands my life as the punishment of thy crime."

"O my father!" replied Anas-Eloujoud, "do not insult the fair Ouardi; but pardon the violence of that passion which has led us astray.

Look

Look on me as your son; my utmost efforts shall be exerted to merit that title: but do not require the sacrifice of a sentiment which no power on earth shall compel me to renounce."

These affectionate expressions disarmed the anger of Ibrahim, who embraced the man that had called him father, while they mingled their sighs together. He obliged him to exchange his garment for one of silk and gold, placed a rich scimitar at his side, covered his head with a turban adorned with precious stones, and then made the necessary preparations for embarking him to Ispahan.

Anas-Eloujoud, when bathed, perfumed, and thus superbly arrayed, still eclipsed in beauty all the young nobles of the Court. His cheek, indeed, had less colour, and his eyes less vivacity than before; but the paleness of his countenance, and the languor of his looks, gave him an interesting appearance, which influenced in his favour all those who beheld him. When he had taken two days' rest, Ibrahim said to him—"The Sultan has commanded me to conduct you to his Court; and I have not the smallest doubt but he will sanction with his consent your marriage with my unhappy daughter, who is now passing her days in sorrow. She has retired to the Court of the Emperor Diwan, who interests himself in her fate; he retains her in his palace, and has sent an ambassador to our sublime master, in order to obtain his permission for you to repair to Bagdad."

"Let us fly thither instantaneously!" said Anas-Eloujoud, "since there resides the object of my affections. Do not let us return to Ispahan!"

"But Chamier has ordered me to return;

and my death will be the consequence of my disobedience."

"I no longer oppose your design: but are we sure of meeting with a favourable reception?"

The *presentimens* of the grand cup-bearer were founded in reason. The courtiers dreaded his return, from an apprehension that he would once more monopolize the favour of their Prince. That monarch was now surrounded by a crowd of nobles, who, actuated by motives of envy, eagerly embraced the present opportunity to calumniate the man, whose talents, virtues, and glory had long eclipsed them all. They represented him as a young debauchee, who, forgetful of the favours he had received from his sovereign, had basely deserted him, for the purpose of following an abandoned mistress. They insinuated that Ibrahim had entered into a secret correspondence with the enemies of the state—that he had concluded a treaty with the ambitious Diwan, with the view of placing the crown of Persia on his own head, and of transmitting it to Anas-Eloujoud, by giving him his daughter in marriage. They persuaded him that the embassy from the King of Bagdad was intended for the sole purpose of reconnoitring the state of his dominions, in order to attack them whenever a favourable opportunity should occur. The Chiefs of the Mamalukes, whom Anas-Eloujoud had, more than once, led on to victory, had alone the justice to shew, by their gloomy silence, their disapprobation of these calumnious assertions. But the consequence of their honest zeal was an accusation exhibited against them as accomplices, which caused several of them to be disgraced.

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The perfidious courtiers having thus excited the resentment of the Prince against two of his most faithful subjects, and fearing that they might be able to justify their conduct, obtained an order to arrest them before they entered the capital.

The Visier and the grand cup-bearer directed their steps towards Ispahan. Anas-Eloujoud, borne on the wings of hope, regaled his imagination with the pleasing prospect of a speedy union with his beloved mistress. Before his departure, he had written the following letter:—

"O thou, who first madest me feel the power of love, dry up thy tears; our griefs are near at an end. For the space of three years, we have experienced all the rigours of adversity; but the moment approaches, when happiness, unsullied happiness, shall be our lot. The Sultan has sent for me, and he will doubtless sanction our union by his approbation. Will it then be permitted us to taste the sweets of love, exempt from the fear of interruption? I have visited those delightful bowers, where our names had been engraven by thy hand on the bark of the orange-trees. I covered them with kisses; they had been blessed with thy presence; I inhaled, with the breeze, thy odoriferous breath, which had imparted additional sweetness to every flower!—Ah, happy flowers! they had been touched by the hand of Ouardi! Life of my life! our woes are past; we shall now be united, never more to part."

The faithful messenger to whose care he entrusted this letter, conveyed it safe to Bagdad.

The two travellers, in the meantime, continued their route to Ispahan, and had approached within half-a-day's journey of the city, when they were arrested in the King's name, by a troop of

of royal guards: in vain did they remonstrate, in vain attempt to resist; they were overpowered by numbers, and conducted to a strong castle, where they were closely confined. This was a stroke for which they were wholly unprepared; it almost deprived them of their senses; they mingled their tears together, but neither of them possessed the power of utterance.

The fair Ouardi, having received her lover's epistle, read it a hundred times, and as often covered it with kisses.—"I shall again then behold the delight of my life; I shall press him to my fond bosom, and console him for all the ills he has experienced! My father has pardoned him; I shall be restored to my family! I shall dry up the tears of her who gave me birth, and watched over my infancy! Love! what a torrent of pleasures dost thou pour in upon my soul! But should the Sultan detain my Anas-Eloujoud? Impossible! he never *can* render *him* wretched, who was always the object of his esteem!"

From that moment, she gave herself up to those amusements which her companions had been studious to provide for her pleasure; she suffered her slaves to dance in her presence, and listened to the tender airs they sang. Often, seated beneath a bower shaded by orange-trees, that were loaded with blossoms and with fruit, would she accompany her melodious voice with the cithern. The passion which impregnated her words, passed into the bosoms of all who heard her: while she sang, an universal silence prevailed; the birds suspended their notes; Zephyr retained his breath; the fugitive stream forgot its murmur; and Echo joyfully repeated the harmonious sounds. The Sultan frequently came

came to hear her sing, and listened to her, whole hours, with rapture.

Hope had restored to Ouardi the primitive splendour of her beauty. At all the festivals given by the Sultan, her grace and agility were the theme of universal applause; whenever she appeared in public, a murmur of approbation was heard from every quarter; whenever she spoke, the brilliancy of her wit delighted all who heard her. Such a combination of charms made a deep impression on the heart of Diwan; but his generosity was superior to his love, and he had sworn, by his head, to make Ouardi happy.

After waiting a month to see the promises of Anas-Eloujoud fulfilled, her joy began to give way to alarm; her sleep was interrupted by horrid dreams. In the day, she ascended the terrace of the palace, and cast her eyes towards Ispahan, in the hope of discovering the retinue of her lover: every object she perceived, made her tremble with pleasure. Often would her wary eyes represent to her a troop of cavaliers, richly clothed, galloping towards the walls of Bagdad: it was Anas-Eloujoud—she knew his features—her heart palpitated with excess of joy. But the flattering charm was soon dispelled, and she was again plunged in the deepest melancholy. Unable any longer to bear this dreadful state of suspense, she called one of the officers of her household, whom she ordered to assume the disguise of a Persian, and hasten to Ispahan, that he might bring her news of Anas-Eloujoud and her father. No sooner was he departed, than her supplications were offered to heaven for his return.

The daughter of the Visier had lost her cheerfulness: absorbed in gloomy thought, she fled the

the tumult of the Court, and shut herself up in her palace, that she might give a free vent to her grief. Her mind was haunted by the most hideous phantoms: every day did she measure the space which separates Bagdad from Ispahan, and accused the slowness of her messenger. At length he arrived.—"Well, what news dost thou bring?" said Ouardi, with precipitation.

The messenger, after prostrating himself before her, and touching the carpet with his forehead, replied—"Princess, the Visier, your father, is deposed and imprisoned; Anas-Eloujoud is involved in his disgrace: the people lament their fate; but their enemies are powerful, and it is much feared they will carry their vengeance still farther."

At this news the wretched Ouardi fell senseless on the floor. Her attendants endeavoured to restore her to life, by rubbing her temples with spirits.—"Barbarians!" she exclaimed, with a feeble voice, "what are ye about? Oh, suffer me to die!"

She then closed her eyes, and remained, for a considerable time, without sense or motion. When she recovered from her swoon, she shed a torrent of tears; and, beating her bosom, reproached herself with having occasioned the death of her father and of her lover. Her women exhausted, in vain, every source of consolation; the violence of her despair was too great to admit of comfort. But on a sudden her tears ceased to flow, she checked her sighs, her looks became fixed, and she appeared to be lost in profound meditation; while the same gloomy silence was observed by all around her. At length she spake; and, ordering her most sumptuous garments to be brought, told her women to dress her. She was instantly obeyed: they

they plaited and perfumed her ebon locks, fixed two crescents of fine pearls on her temples, and placed on her head a Cachemirian shawl, embellished with a circle of diamonds. A flowing robe of celestial blue enclosed her waist, and shewed her heavenly bosom's beauteous form; a rich girdle, buckled loosely round her, hung negligently down below her knee; and a veil of snowy white, richly embroidered, concealed her charms. Thus arrayed, she called the principal officer of her household, and ordered him to go to the Sultan, and in her name demand a secret audience.

The Emperor immediately commanded the eunuchs to fetch the Princess, and conduct her to his palace. Misram was prompt to obey. The beauteous Ouardi bowed as she entered the Sultan's apartment, and was going to throw herself at the feet of her benefactor: but Diwan prevented her, and having placed her at his side, enquired the subject of her visit, and asked her what favour it was in his power to grant her. The daughter of the Visier, after remaining silent for some minutes, from inability to utter her sentiments, made an effort to speak, and thus addressed him:—"Mighty sovereign, my heart is impressed with a due sense of thy goodness, and my life will be too short to express the fulness of my gratitude: but, alas! I am still miserable; my father and my lover are imprisoned, through the calumnious accusations of those who envied their greatness; and they will soon be put to death, unless thy powerful protection be interposed, to snatch them from destruction. Magnanimous Emperor! as a farther proof of thy kindness to Ouardi, deign to lengthen her days by the preservation of their lives."

The

The Sultan was deeply affected with this discourse: he had known the power of love, and could feel for the fate of the wretched. Ouardi's tears only served to render her more interesting; he confessed the power of her charms, and nobly resolved to crown the protection he had afforded her, by saving the object of her affections: besides, he regarded the refusal of the Sultan Chamier as an affront which required the severest vengeance. He therefore ordered his Visier to depart for Persia, to demand, in his name, the release of the two prisoners, and to send him the answer of Chamier without delay. These marks of attention, joined to the consolatory discourse of Diwan, allayed the grief of the Princess, who returned to her palace, accompanied by Hope, the best companion of the wretched.

But the anxious fears of Ouardi were soon renewed: sometimes she saw the executioner on the point of shedding that blood, which she would gladly have saved at the expence of her own; at others, she flattered herself that Diwan's entreaties would be complied with. Hope and fear bore alternate sway in her mind, and each of them occasioned the most violent agitation. Every day appeared an age to her; and the weight of suspense at length became insupportable. Such is the fate of those who are endued with sensibility: all their pleasures are purchased with torments; but one moment of ecstatic bliss makes them forget whole years of misfortune.

When the Visier arrived on the frontiers of Persia, he made known the purport of his journey to the Sultan Chamier, and asked his permission to repair to Ispahan, that he might treat with him for the liberty of the two prisoners.

The

The council accordingly assembled; but the enemies of Ibrahim and Anas-Eloujoud prevailed: they represented the ambassador from Bagdad as a dangerous emissary, who came for the purpose of promoting an insurrection in their favour. They maintained, that a rebellion was on the point of breaking out, that the life of the monarch was in danger, and the sceptre about to pass into other hands. The Emperor trembled in his palace; and orders were sent to the ambassador to return without delay. The two innocent captives were confined more closely, and the propriety of sacrificing their lives to the public safety was submitted to the discussion of the council. A courier, in the meantime, being dispatched to Bagdad with intelligence of these events, the Sultan Diwan immediately determined to enforce his demands; for which purpose he assembled his warriors, and in a few days began his march towards Persia, at the head of an hundred thousand men.

The Sultan, on his departure, sent a message to Ouardi, requesting her to dry up her tears, and promising to release her father and her lover. But this promise filled her heart with additional terrors, as it convinced her the evil must be great to require so desperate a remedy. She addressed her vows to Heaven for the prosperity of the Sultan's arms; and continually reproached herself with her love, as if the consequences it had produced rendered it criminal.

The Emperor of Bagdad arrived on the enemy's frontiers, after dispersing the different bodies of troops which had been sent to oppose his passage. Like an impetuous river, which, having broken down its banks, carries away the flocks, the shepherds, and the villages, he had overturned

overturned ramparts, massacred whole armies, and now directed his march to the gates of Ispahan. When he came to that extensive plain, from whence the lofty towers of the capital are discerned in the distant horizon, he saw two hundred thousand men drawn up in battle array, for the purpose of impeding his further progress. Sixty thousand horse, posted on the wings, only waited for the signal of battle to begin the attack. The Sultan appeared in the centre, surrounded by a chosen corps, and mounted on a superb charger. The squadrons appeared like a forest of lances; the brazen shields and helmets reflected from afar the rays of the sun; the neighing of horses, and the sound of drums and trumpets, inspired every generous soul with martial ardour, and filled the bosom of the coward with alarm. The intrepid Diwan was not dismayed at the number of his enemies; but, in order to prevent the effusion of blood, he sent a herald to the King of the Persians, to inform him that he would withdraw his troops, and restore the places he had conquered, on condition that Anas-Eloujoud and Ibrahim should be delivered up to him. This step, however, was regarded as the effect of fear, and his messenger, in violation of the law of nations, was put to death. This barbarous action excited universal indignation, and a general cry of vengeance was heard throughout the army. The Emperor Diwan made a prudent disposition of his troops, and placed his light cavalry in the wings, to prevent their being surrounded. He posted himself in the centre, opposite to Chamier, at the head of ten thousand Mamalukes trained from their infancy to the use of arms. The two armies being put in motion, the advanced troops commenced the attack;

attack; the air was darkened with clouds of arrows; the earth resounded beneath the horses' feet; the combatants were enveloped in whirlwinds of dust. On every side were heard the shouts of the warriors, the clashing of swords, and the shock of lances. The demon of war filled every heart with rage, while the angel of death, flying from rank to rank, singled out his victims; the earth became red with streams of blood, and men, and dying horses, lay in confused heaps about the plain. Victory long remained doubtful, now favouring the Persians, who repulsed their enemies—now passing over to the people of Bagdad, who spread dismay among the inhabitants of Ispahan. At length she appeared to decide in favour of the most numerous, and the troops of Diwan began to give way; the ranks of infantry were already broken, though the corps which he headed in person still continued to fight; the horsemen, encouraged by the example of their sovereign, repelled all the attacks of the enemy with astonishing intrepidity. He was soon, however, surrounded; when, undismayed at the danger which threatened him, he resolved to lose his life, rather than quit the field.

At that moment a youthful warrior, like the god of battles, cut his way through the Persians, followed by two thousand horse: he mowed down their battalions, and marked his passage with terror, and with death:—it was Anas-Eloujoud! His brave companions, the Mamalukes, who loved him in the time of his glory, and who deplored his misfortunes, had left the army at the commencement of the battle, and releasing him from confinement, came to fight under his orders. Roused on by love and revenge, he performed prodigies of valour: he rallied

rallied the flying troops, and repulsing the vanquishers, made his way to the corps which was commanded by the valiant Diwan.—"Prince," said he, "let us fly to victory!"

He then rushed into the thickest of the fight, and pressing forward to the royal battalion of Ispahan, made it retreat. It seemed as if the warriors of Bagdad had received some supernatural aid; they returned to their standards, followed their intrepid leader, and falling on the scattered troops, compelled them to seek for safety in flight. The confusion now became general; and Chamier with difficulty escaped to his capital with the remains of his army. Thither he was pursued, and he found himself constrained to purchase the possession of his dominions by an annual tribute.

Anas-Eloujoud, after he had embraced the generous Diwan, who loaded him with praises, wrote the following billet to his mistress, on the field of battle:—

"Ibrahim and myself are safe: we have fought under the colours of the invincible Diwan, and victory has declared in our favour. Life of my life, rejoice, for our misfortunes are at an end: all that thou holdest dear in the world will be restored to thee; enjoy the happiness which awaits us: constancy is now crowned by love; I fly to thy arms!"

The messenger arrived with joy on his countenance, and having prostrated himself at the feet of the Princess, delivered the letter of her lover. No sooner did she begin to read it, than her head became giddy, and her reason forsook her. When Ouardi had recovered her senses, she read the letter several times before she could be convinced of its reality. She then said to the messenger—"Is the news thou bringest me,

me true? Dost thou know Anas-Eloujoud? Did he give thee this letter?"

"Princess, I fought by his side; and with that valiant hand which conquered the foes, I saw him write this billet, which he ordered me to bring to you without delay."

She now commanded her attendants to reward the messenger; and taking a string of emeralds from her hair, said—"Return to your master; carry him this token of my joy; let him fix it to his turban; it is a present worthy to embellish the head of a conqueror."

The messenger departed, and the beauteous Ouardi gave a loose to the extreme pleasure which this happy news had occasioned: a hundred times she read the letter of her lover, a hundred times she pressed it to her heart, and covered it with tears and kisses.

Meanwhile the Sultan approached at the head of his army, mounted on a superb courser, who proudly pranced the ground, and made the bit of his bridle white with foam, while his long mane floated in the wind, and his eyes darted lightning. Anas-Eloujoud advanced at his right hand, with a golden helmet on his head, and clothed in the habit of a warrior: the two Visiers followed, and all the troops filed off in good order, with colours flying, amidst the joyful acclamations of the people. This triumphal band passed under the window of Ouardi, who beheld her father, the Sultan, and her lover. It was the happiest moment of her life; with what ecstacy did she contemplate all that was dear to her on earth! Love, in her her heart, still acquired additional charms from the splendour of glory.

While the warriors were conducting the Sultan to his palace, the mother of Ouardi

arrived in a litter, supported by camels, when this amiable daughter descended the stairs with precipitation, and threw herself at her feet, which she bathed with her tears; then pressing her in her arms, entreated her to forgive all her past offences.—"My daughter, they are forgotten; I shall now die content, since I have the happiness of seeing you again. Thy exile had imbittered my life: what torrents of tears has it caused me to shed! At length, however, I press my daughter to the bosom which nourished her; I pardon her past errors, and esteem myself the happiest of parents."

While they were mutually enjoying these delightful sensations, which nature has implanted in the breast of man, to console him for all the pains he is doomed to experience, the Sultan, accompanied by old Ibrahim, entered the apartment. Ouardi prostrated herself before him; but the Emperor immediately raised her from the ground, and told her to embrace the Visier. She then threw herself into the arms of her father; and the old man, overcome with joy, said to her—"There is the magnanimous Sultan, to whom we are indebted for our lives: return him thanks, my daughter."

But the heart of Ouardi was too full for utterance; her animated looks, her heaving bosom, and her flowing tears were alone capable of expressing her gratitude.

"Your father," added the Sultan, "shall be my second Visier. Anas-Eloujoud shall occupy about my person, the same post which he enjoyed in Persia. I now appoint him commander in chief of my armies: prepare yourself, therefore, to receive his hand—to-morrow, at sunset, he shall become your husband. This palace, with a hundred thousand sequins, shall be

Ouardi's

Ouardi's dower; it is just she should receive a compensation for the ills she has experienced."

When he had said this, he retired. The Visier and his daughter kissed his hand, and offered up a thousand vows for the prosperity of his reign. This happy family passed a great part of the night in the pleasing task of mutual consolation, in congratulating themselves on the unexpected felicity which now awaited them, and in enjoying the grateful sentiments of parental affection and filial piety.

Ouardi was too deeply affected to taste of repose; her happiness exceeded her most sanguine hopes. In the midst of her transports, she was often tempted to believe she was in a dream; her whole soul was absorbed in contemplation on the delightful pleasures of love. Anas-Eloujoud, crowned by victory, appeared to her as a God; and she began to fear that her beauty was inadequate to secure his affections. Before the morning dawned, she called her women, and gave orders about her dress. Although her charms had received no refreshment from the balm of sleep, the contentment which cheered her heart animated her features, and the roses of her cheeks recovered their primitive splendour. Love had fixed his torch in her eyes; and if her long sufferings had left any slender traces of melancholy on her countenance, far from proving prejudicial to her beauty, they only served to render it more affecting.

As soon as she was dressed in her sumptuous robes, and her face was concealed from the eyes of men by a splendid veil, embroidered with gold and precious stones, she went in pomp to the bath, which had been prepared for her reception. Two troops of youthful maidens,

arrayed in silken garments, sang verses composed for the occasion: accompanied by the cithern and the cymbals, they repeated the following chorus:—

"Happy pair! let every sense be drowned in the pleasures of love; love has rewarded your constancy; ye both enjoy the full vigour of youth; ye are both fit for the combats of Hymen!—Youthful warrior, open your eyes, and see if a more perfect beauty ever embellished the earth! Thou alone art worthy to triumph over her charms—thou alone hast deserved her heart! Tear off those envious garments, which conceal such wondrous treasures. Ye are both fit for the combats of Hymen: let every sense be drowned in the pleasures of love!"

After the choir of singers, came the most distinguished ladies of Bagdad, covered with pearls and diamonds. The youthful bride walked by the side of her mother, under a canopy supported by four slaves. The procession advanced with a slow pace, while the music played; and the people, delighted with the glorious sight, made the air resound with a thousand benedictions. After the Visier's daughter had remained some hours in the bath, after the ladies had undressed her with great solemnity, and she had inhaled the fragrant vapours of burnt aloes, been duly perfumed, and undergone all the usual ceremonies, she was taken back to the palace with the same ceremonies.

She waited with the most anxious impatience for the moment which was destined for the reception of her lover; and often, as it occupied her thoughts, her heart beat high, and the warm blood flew to her face. At sunset all the streets of the city were illuminated, and the

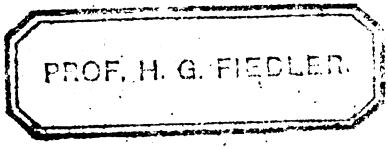
sound of drums and trumpets announced the Sultan's arrival. He alighted at the gate of the Visier's palace, and led his favourite to the apartment, which was decorated with a profusion of lamps. As he entered, he took him by the hand; and presenting him to Ouardi, said, with a gracious smile—"Receive him as your husband; he is worthy to render you happy."

Anas-Eloujoud contemplated with extreme pleasure the maid he had so long and so tenderly loved; he found her still more lovely than his fancy had formed her, and he remained motionless with surprise and joy. Ouardi, endued with the most exquisite sensibility, was unable to contain her passion. Her bosom heaved with strong and frequent palpitations, while her knees trembled under her, and her eyes were modestly cast down before her vanquisher; but, in the midst of her agitation, it was evident that pleasure animated all her motions, and gave a celestial splendour to her charms. At length, surmounting her timidity, she bowed to the Sultan, and said—"My Lord, I receive him from your hands; and if love can make him happy——"

She could proceed no farther: the sensations she experienced overpowered her, and she fell senseless on a sofa; while Anas-Eloujoud, rushing to her assistance, seized her in his arms, and, by imprinting a fervid kiss on her ruby lips, restored her to life. The generous Diwan, willing to leave them at full liberty to give way to their mutual transports, withdrew; and, though secretly jealous of his favourite, he congratulated himself on the performance of a glorious action, by uniting two persons who were so truly worthy of each other.

Ouardi

Ouardi and Anas-Eloujoud passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness; and their posterity, at a subsequent period, filled the throne of Ispahan, to which Ibrahim had some hereditary claims.



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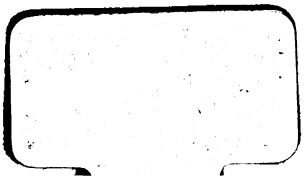
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